

THE BUNNIKINS-BUNNIES' CHRISTMAS TREE



BY · EDITH · B · DAVIDSON

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THE LITTLE PEOPLE JOINED PAWS AND DANCED AND PRANCED

THE
BUNNIKINS—BUNNIES'
CHRISTMAS TREE

By
EDITH B. DAVIDSON

Pictures by
CLARA E. ATWOOD



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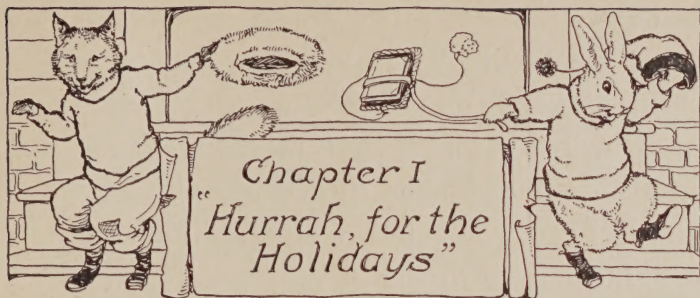
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“HURRAH! HURRAH! the Holidays have come,” shouted Bobtail Bunnikins-Bunny and Paddy Tippity-Flippitt, as they jumped down the schoolhouse steps, two at a time, one fine December morning. Old Miss Nanny-Goat, who was standing in the doorway buttoning up the little people’s jackets, and seeing that they had on their overshoes and mittens, called after them, “Good-bye, Paddy and Bobtail; be sure not to forget all you have learned before school begins again.”

Paddy and Bobtail looked sheepish and hung their heads, but a minute later Paddy caught sight of his little sister Quee-Quee, and, running up behind her, he tumbled the small fox head first into a big snowdrift, where all that could be seen of her were her wee toe-toes kicking wildly in the air.

“Well, Paddy, what’s the matter with you?” asked Billy Beaver, as he pulled Quee-Quee out of the snow, and set her on her feet.



“Oh, I am so happy! I am so happy!” cried Paddy, capering about.

“There won’t be any more school for a whole month,” squealed Bobtail, who began turning somersaults so fast that Quee-Quee and Rosamund Bunny thought he would never come right-end uppermost.

At last he stopped, quite out of breath, and, picking up his books and his lunch-basket, he trotted along towards home, making all sorts of plans for the holidays with the other children.

“We’ll make a snow fort, and pepper each other with snowballs,” cried Paddy Tippity-Flippitt.

“We’ll go coasting on my big toboggan,” said Billy Beaver.

“I’ll have a great, big Christmas Tree, and invite everybody to come to it,” shouted Bobtail Bunnikins-Bunny.

“Oh! Oh!” cried the children. “Wouldn’t that be lovely!”

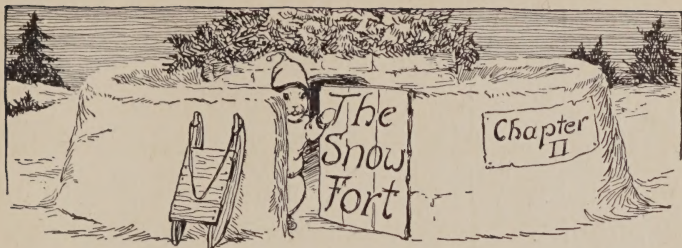
“Well, you had better ask Father first,” said little Rosamund, with a wise shake of her head.

“Oh, I’ll ask Mother, and she’ll ask Father, and then I’m sure I can have the tree,” said Bobtail with a chuckle.

“I know where you can find the beautifullest kind of tree,” said Ruddy Squirrel.

“And I’ll cut it down for you quicker than you can say Jack Robinson,” added Billy Beaver.

“Oh, how I wish that Christmas was here,” cried Rosamund, as she and Bobtail ran through the garden and into the house to find Mother Bunny.



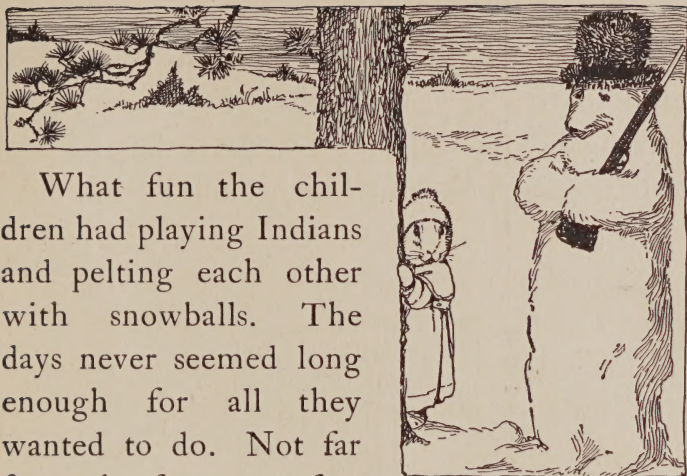
FOR the next few days the children were very busy making a wonderful snow fort with a nice little house in the middle of it. Billy and Jacky Beaver, who knew all about building things, showed them how to make a roof of fir branches, which they covered with snow, and in the snow walls they cut tiny windows and a low doorway.

Mr. Beaver made them a table and some chairs, and a wee cupboard in which to keep the dishes which Mrs. Tippity-Flippitt gave them. But what pleased the children most of

all was a funny old cooking-stove, which Frisky Bushy-Tail found hidden away in Grandmother Chipmunk's attic.

What fun they had cooking their own dinners! Pussy Tippity-Flippitt and Rosamund Bunny made the most delicious griddle-cakes; Bobby Sly-Fox could scramble eggs, and Chippy Gray-Squirrel's nut-cake melted in your mouth; but Paddy Tippity-Flippitt could not even bake a potato without burning it, and Bobtail Bunnikins-Bunny's soda biscuits were so hard that only the Gray-Squirrels and the Beaver boys could nibble them.

Close to the fort they made a great snow bear sitting up on guard, with an old silk hat of Dr. Possum's on his head, and a toy gun over his shoulder. He looked so fierce that Rosamund Bunny was half afraid of him, and Quee-Quee Tippity-Flippitt would not go by him alone.



What fun the children had playing Indians and pelting each other with snowballs. The days never seemed long enough for all they wanted to do. Not far from the fort was a fine coast, and there Mr. Bunnikins-Bunny and Mr. Tippity-Flippitt, who both loved coasting, would often join the children.

One day, Mr. Bunnikins ventured down on Billy Beaver's toboggan, but there had been a heavy frost, which made the hillside so icy that the toboggan skidded right over a huge snow-

bank, throwing the little people in every direction, and tossing poor Mr. Bunnikins-Bunny so high in the air that he thought he never was coming down to earth again. After that, he preferred coasting down all by himself on Bobtail's small sled.



The Danger of Disobedience

Chap. III



ONE clear cold afternoon, Bob-tail and Rosamund were playing in the garden with Ruddy and Chippy Gray-Squirrel, and wondering what they would do next, when they heard some one whistling, and a moment later they saw Paddy Tippity-Flippitt going by, with his skates hung over his shoulder.

“Where are you going, Paddy?” called Bob-tail.

“Skating on Crystal Pond,” answered Paddy. “Why don’t you all come along too? Every one is down there, and they say the ice is fine.”

“All right,” said the children, “that will be good fun ; just wait till we get our skates.”

On their way, they met Mr. Bunnikins-Bunny driving Neddy in the donkey sleigh.

“Hullo, little people, where are you off to ?” he called.

“To Crystal Pond to skate, sir,” answered Paddy Tippity-Flippitt, taking off his cap politely.

“Well, I guess I will go too, and see if I have forgotten how to skate,” said Mr. Bunnikins. “Driving is easier than walking, so tumble into the sleigh all you youngsters.” And in two minutes Neddy was off again at a brisk trot.

On the way, Mr. Bunnikins-Bunny told the children what a wonderful skater he used to be, and how many fancy steps he knew ; and as soon as they reached Crystal Pond, he borrowed a pair of skates, and started off in fine form.

Alas, for poor Mr. Bunnikins! The ice seemed much more slippery than it used to be; Mr. Bunnikins had grown much fatter; and somehow the skates were narrower and more difficult to stand on. Before he knew it, his feet had flown from under him, and down he fell with such a *whack*, that he saw about one million stars!



Mr. Bunnikins felt very much mortified, but he got bravely up and tried again. After falling down about a dozen times, however, he decided that skating was cold work, and that it would be very nice to go home and have a cup of good, hot tea with Mrs. Bunny.

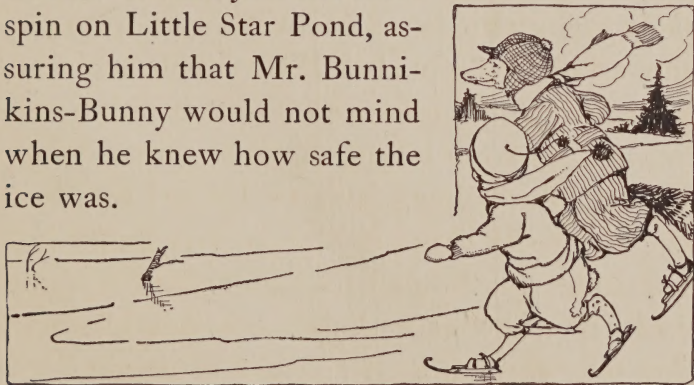
“Be sure and not skate under the bridge to Little Star Pond,” he called to Bobtail, as he drove away. “The ice is too thin there, and you might fall in.”

Bobtail, who loved to skate, was trying to teach Tony Possum; but Tony simply could not learn, and his fat sides were covered with bumps and bruises from falling down so often. While Bobtail was helping him to his feet for about the hundredth time, Bobby Sly-Fox joined him and said, “Oh, Bobtail, let’s go under the bridge to Little Star Pond; the ice is wonderful there, and here there is such a crowd of people.”

“No, I can’t go,” answered Bobtail. “Father told me not to, because the ice on Little Star Pond is too thin.”

“Pooh!” cried Bobby; “before I’d be such a Fraidy-Cat. I was over there yesterday, and the ice is as hard as a rock. Well, anyhow, let’s go as far as the bridge.”

Away the two boys skated, and by the time they reached the bridge, Bobby had persuaded Bobtail to take just one short spin on Little Star Pond, assuring him that Mr. Bunni-kins-Bunny would not mind when he knew how safe the ice was.



Sure enough, the ice was as smooth as glass.

“I’ll race you across,” cried Bobby; and away he flew with Bobtail close behind. Suddenly as they reached the middle of the pond — *c-r-r-ack!* went the ice, and into the freezing water they both fell!

Oh, but the water was terribly cold! When Bobtail and Bobby came to the surface, they were gasping for breath, and it was in vain that they struggled to climb up on to the ice. Hanging on as best they could to the broken edges, they called, “Help! Help!” with all their might.



Chap. IV. Paddy to the Rescue



MEANWHILE, over on Crystal Pond the grown-up people had all gone home, and the children, having built a bonfire on the bank, were sitting around it warming their cold paws, and roasting apples and peanuts in the ashes, when they were suddenly startled by hearing loud cries of "Help! Help!"

"That's Bobtail Bunny's voice," shouted Paddy Tippity-Flippitt, springing to his feet.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Rosamund, putting on her skates as fast as she could. "*What* do you suppose has happened to Bobtail now? Hurry! *Hurry!*"

And away they all skated across the pond as fast as they could go. As they went under the bridge, they caught sight of Bobtail and Bobby in the water in the middle of Little Star Pond.

“Look out for the ice, boys, it’s dangerous,” called Bobtail.

“Oh, Bobtail, my Bobtail!” screamed Rosamund Bunny, bursting into tears. “*How* can we ever save him?”

“All of you give me your mufflers,” cried Paddy.

In a minute every child had pulled off its worsted scarf and handed it to Paddy, who began rapidly tying them together into a long, strong rope. Then, running forward as far as he dared on the thin ice, he got down on all four paws, and wriggled along on his stomach towards Bobtail and Bobby, until he could throw them the end of the rope.



“Save Bobtail first,” cried Bobby. “It was my fault that he came.”

“Both of you grab hold of the rope as tight as you can,” called Paddy, “and we’ll pull you out in no time.”

Then carefully wriggling backward, he rejoined the other children, who had ventured out as far as they dared on the crackling ice.

“Now, all of you catch hold of the rope, and when I say so, *pull* with all your might,” said Paddy.

“Ready!” he shouted to Bobtail and Bobby. “Hold on tight to the rope! One, two, three, *P-u-ll!*”

How the little people pulled! The Gray-Squirrels, Frisky Bushy-Tail, Billy Beaver, Rosamund Bunnikins-Bunny, Paddy Tippity-Flippitt, and even Tony Possum, who for a wonder happened to be quite wide awake. It was hard work on the slippery ice, which was so thin that they had to move very carefully, for fear of breaking through into the pond themselves.

Bobtail and Bobby were so stiff with cold that they could only cling to the rope, without being able to help themselves at all, while their poor little paws were cut and bleeding from



"ONE, TWO, THREE, P-U-LL!"

the sharp edges of the broken ice. Slowly the children dragged them out of the water, and across the thin ice to safety.

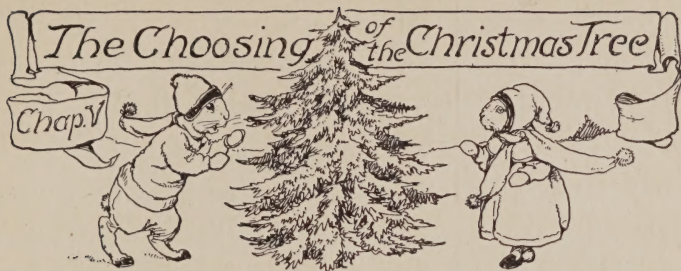
Bobtail and Bobby could scarcely stand up, but, helped by the others, they managed to hobble back to Crystal Pond, where, sitting close beside the big bonfire, they warmed and dried themselves, while Rosamund and Paddy stuffed them with hot baked apples. As soon



as they were able, they started for home, but it was a long hard walk on their cut and frozen paws, and both Bobtail and Bobby were very glad when they were tucked up cozily in their warm beds.

Bobtail told his father how naughty he had been, but Mr. Bunnikins-Bunny did not punish him for his disobedience, as he thought that Bobtail had already been punished enough by his cold bath, besides which he had lost his beloved skates in Little Star Pond.





FOR a few days both Bobtail and Bobby were glad to stay in bed, for every bone in their small bodies ached.

Bobtail had cut his ear when he fell through the ice, and Rosamund declared that with his bandaged paws and head, he looked just like an old soldier home from the wars.

Greatly to Bobtail's delight, his father had told him that he could have his Christmas Tree Party, so the week before Christmas he decided that it was high time to go and choose his tree.

Early one afternoon, he started for the big woods, high up on the mountain-side, with Rosamund Bunny and Frisky Bushy-Tail; Paddy Tippity-Flippitt, his cheek all swollen out with toothache, having to stay at home,



much to his sorrow, and sit close to the fire, while Ruddy and Chippy Gray-Squirrel were away on a visit to their grandmother.

Mr. Bunnikins - Bunny came to the door to see them off, and looking up at the sky, he shook his head doubtfully, saying, "It looks to me, my son,

as though a heavy snow storm was coming, so do not go too far, and be sure to come home before dark."

"All right, Father," said Bobtail; "and if it snows can we spend the night at Frisky's?"

"Certainly, if Mrs. Bushy-Tail invites you," answered Mr. Bunnikins.

So away they went, as gay as three little people could be.

They climbed up and up for a long, long



way; then, after resting a while, and eating some delicious acorn pie and a number of tiny carrot and parsley cakes, they went on again deep into the great woods. They chose one tree and then another, but there were so many pretty ones that it was hard to decide which one was the best.

At last they found a fir tree which they all thought perfect, with wide-spreading branches and a beautiful top. To be sure it was rather big, but then Bobtail said that he did not want "a teeny-weeny mite of a Christmas Tree."

"How shall we ever find it again?" asked Rosamund.

"It won't be easy," said Frisky.

"Well, I know what I'll do," cried Bobtail; and pulling off his red necktie, he fastened it to one of the branches. "I guess we can see that a mile off," he chuckled.



By this time the snowflakes had begun to fall, and in the woods it was rapidly growing dark. They hurried off towards home as fast as they could go, but it was soon snowing so hard that they could not see the path, and after struggling on for what seemed a long way, Rosamund began to cry, saying that she could go no farther.

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear!” she wailed, sinking down in a miserable little heap on the snow; “my legs feel so queer that I can’t move them, and I think my ears and my paws are frozen.”



“What *shall* we do, Frisky?” asked Bobtail with a shiver.

“Well, I don’t think there is any use in trying to go on,” said Frisky, rubbing his cold little nose. “I am sure I’ve seen that big rock over there three times already, so we must be walking round and round in a circle. Let’s see if we can find a hollow tree to creep into for shelter.”



After hunting about a little, Frisky found a nice nest, half full of dry leaves, in the trunk of an old oak tree. Across the opening Frisky and Bobtail heaped up the snow, so that the cold wind could not blow in upon them, and curling themselves up close together under the leaves, they soon grew warm and fell fast asleep.





WHEN Frisky, Bobtail, and Rosamund woke up it was still very dark in the hollow tree.

“It’s funny that it’s not light,” said Bobtail. “I’m sure it *must* be morning because I am so awfully hungry.”

“Let’s see what the weather is like,” said Frisky; and he began scratching away the snow across the entrance. “Goodness me!” he muttered, “there’s something very queer about this.”

He called Bobtail to come and help him.



They both scratched and pawed as hard as they could, until they were quite tired out; but it was of no use. There seemed to be a solid wall of snow and ice in front of them, and as there was no other way out of the tree they did not know what to do.

“My whiskers!” groaned Bobtail. “I believe we shall be prisoners here until the big thaw comes in the Spring.”

“Oh, my! Oh, my!” sobbed Rosamond. “What will Father and Mother do without us?”

While they were talking together, suddenly Frisky pricked up his ears, and said, “Sh! I hear something.” And a moment later a growling voice was heard outside, and the sound of heavy footsteps crunching through the snow.

“Let’s call,” said Bobtail. “I don’t believe it is a lion or a tiger; and almost anything is

better than staying cooped up in this hole, and starving to death."

So they called and they shouted again and again, until at last they heard a great scratching and digging in the snow wall, and pretty soon they could see the daylight shining through. A few minutes later who should poke their heads through the opening but Mr. Brown-Bruin and the Brownie Cub Baby! With shouts of joy, Bobtail and Rosamund threw their arms around their kind old friend's neck, and a more astonished bear than Mr. Brown-Bruin never was seen.

"Well, I never!" he roared. "How did you little people ever get snowed up in that old oak tree?" And when he heard of Bobtail's search for a Christmas Tree, he laughed and he laughed till his fat sides shook.

"It's a lucky thing for you that Little Pete



A SCRATCHING AND DIGGING IN THE SNOW WALL

and I were taking an early morning walk between winter naps. If we had been asleep at home, you would never have been able to dig your way out through that huge snow-bank which the storm had piled up against your tree. Now, come along, and we'll see what Mother Bruin has for breakfast."

Mr. Brown-Bruin's winter house was close by, so in a very short time, Bobtail, Rosamund, and Frisky were sitting beside a bright fire, while Mrs. Brown-Bruin stuffed them with good, warm food.



The Brownie Cub Baby, whose real name was Little Pete, listened with both ears while Bobtail told them of the beautiful Christmas Tree he was going to have, and when he invited the whole Brown-Bruin family to come to his party, Little Pete, with his eyes as big as saucers, cried, "Oh, Father, *please* can't we go?"



“No, sonny, I’m afraid you can’t,” replied Mr. Brown-Bruin, “for by that time we shall be well settled down for our long winter’s sleep.”

“I am awfully sorry,” said Bobtail. Then, seeing the tears in little Pete’s eyes, he added, “Never mind, Petey, I’ll bring you a Christmas present and tell you all about the party, when we go camping on your mountain next summer.”

Then, after thanking Mr. and Mrs. Brown-Bruin for all their kindness, Rosamund, Bobtail, and Frisky said “good-bye” and started for home.

When they arrived they found that nobody was at all worried about them! Mr. and Mrs. Bushy-Tail had thought that Frisky had stayed at the Bunnikins-Bunnies’ on account of the big snowstorm, while Mr. and Mrs. Bunnikins-Bunny were sure that Rosamund and Bobtail

were spending the night at the Bushy-Tails'.
When they were told what had really happened,
they were all very thankful that Mr. Brown-
Bruin had taken an early morning walk.





FOR the next week all the little people were so busy finishing their Christmas presents that they had no time to play.

Rosamund Bunnikins-Bunny had embroidered a most gorgeous pair of purple velvet slippers for her father, who loved fine clothes; Pussy Tippity-Flippitt had knitted her father a warm pair of socks, and Quee-Quee had made him a pillow stuffed full of sweet-smelling pine needles; Frisky Bushy-Tail had made his father

a little shaving-glass frame all trimmed with acorn cups, and Billy Beaver had taught Bobtail, Paddy, Frisky, and Ruddy how to weave the prettiest of work-boxes, for their mothers, out of willow-twigs.

The day before Christmas, Mr. Bunnikins-Bunny, with Bobtail, Rosamund, and all their little friends, started off early to bring home Bobtail's Christmas Tree. It was a bright, cold day, with the snow hard and firm underfoot, and before long they reached the high woods, where Bobtail and Frisky soon found their tree, with Bobtail's red necktie still fluttering on it.

"Now, let's see you cut it down, Billy Beaver," cried Paddy Tippity-Flippitt.

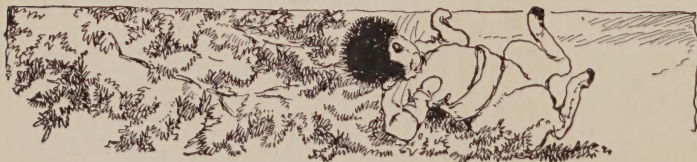
"All right," said Billy. And calling to his brother Jacky, they set to work. Firmly seated on their broad tails, they nibbled and gnawed with their sharp teeth to such good purpose that



before long the tree began to sway to and fro.

Billy had warned every one to keep at a safe distance, so as not to be hurt when the tree fell, but Mr. Bunnikins-Bunny was so curious to see how Billy and Jacky could nibble so fast that he forgot all about the danger, and was standing close to the tree, when suddenly the Beavers shouted, "Look out! here she comes," and scampered away.

Poor Mr. Bunnikins, scared half to death, took to his heels and ran as he had not run in years, and only just in time; for down with a crash came the tree, its branches knocking him



all in a heap, although luckily he was not a bit hurt.

Around the trunk of the tree they tied a strong rope, and then they all took hold and tried to pull it out of the woods. It was, however, a very big tree for such very small people, and before they had dragged it any distance, every one was out of breath, and Mr. Bunni-kins-Bunny declared that he had had enough of it, and that Bobtail had better choose a smaller tree.

“But this is the prettiest tree in all the woods,” wailed Bobtail, ready to cry with disappointment; “and I don’t want a little scrap of a tree at a big, big party. Oh, dear!” And sitting down on his Christmas Tree, he put his head down in his little forepaws.

Just then they heard the jingling of a bell, and a familiar voice saying, “Hey there! Steady!

Giddap!" And a moment later who should appear, to Bobtail's delight, but Captain Twiddle with his ox-sledge.

"Why, hullo! Hullo! my little friends," he cried. "What are you trying to do — carry away the whole forest?" And he gave a big laugh.

"No," answered Mr. Bunnikins-Bunny. "Bobtail is only trying to take home his Christmas Tree; but he has chosen such a huge one that it seems to me he will have to have his party out here in the woods."

"Well, now, I guess it's a good thing I came along here just in the nick of time," said Captain Twiddle. And turning to his ox he continued, "What do you say, Steady, to our carrying the tree home, and the Christmas party, too?"

"Oh, thank you, dear Captain Twiddle,"



AWAY WENT STEADY WITH A VERY HAPPY LOAD

shouted Bobtail, clapping his paws, and dancing up and down with joy. And in less than no time the tree was on the sledge, every one had clambered in on top of it, and away went Steady with a very happy load.

When they reached Mr. Bunnikins's house, Captain Twiddle carried the tree into the parlor, and fastened it securely, so that it could not fall down; then with a cheery "good-night and a Merry Christmas to all," he drove away.



That night how many stockings were hung up close to the fireside, where Santa Claus would surely find and fill them, and how many little people looked up the chimney to see if he was already coming down ! Every little fox, and squirrel, and bunny, and beaver tried to keep awake to see him, but in five minutes all the tired, wee eyes were fast shut, and every one was sound asleep.





BOBTAIL woke up so early on Christmas morning that it was scarcely light, but he shouted "Merry Christmas" into Rosamund's ear, and jumping out of bed, he ran across the room, and pressing his little pink nose against the window-pane, he looked out to see what the weather was like.

“My! but it is a fine frosty morning,” he cried, rubbing his cold nose. “Come and look at our stockings, Sleepy Head.”

Little Rosamund cuddled down still farther under the warm bedclothes, and gave a long yawn.

“Oh, come along,” insisted Bobtail.

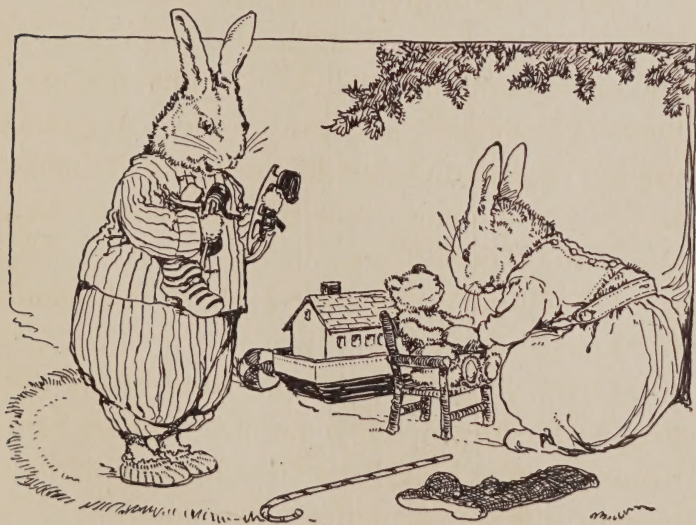
So very slowly Miss Bunny crept out of her cozy nest, and ran over to the fireplace. How full the two stockings were! A pair of shining skates stuck out of the top of Bobtail’s, and in a tiny chair close to Rosamund’s sat a wee white Teddy Bear.

“Oh!” cried Bobtail, “look at my beautiful skates.”

“Oh!” cried Rosamund, “look at my darling Teddy Bear! How do you suppose Santa Claus brought him down the chimney without getting soot on his pretty white coat?”

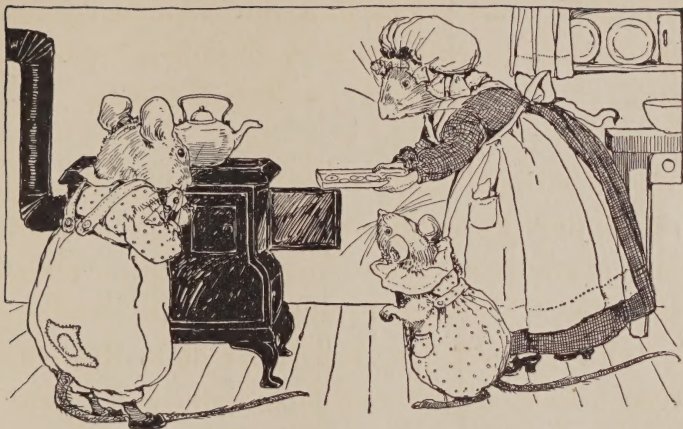
“I don’t know,” said Bobtail, “but I guess he must have carried him in a paper bag. Let’s see what else we have.”

And sitting down on the hearth-rug they emptied the treasures out of their stockings. They could scarcely bear to leave them long



enough to dress when Papa and Mamma Bunnikins-Bunny came in to wish them "Merry Christmas," and tell them that breakfast was ready.

Soon after, Paddy Tippity-Flippitt, Ruddy and Chippy Gray-Squirrel, and Frisky Bushy-Tail arrived, and then the great fun of trimming the Christmas Tree began, the children having been told that they could do it all themselves. They had strung yards and yards of the snowiest popcorn, which they festooned all over the tree, and on all the branches they hung little yellow and green gourds, which glowed like tiny oranges. Mr. Gray-Squirrel had gilded a basketful of walnuts and acorns for the tree, while Jack and Billy Beaver had shown the children how to make the prettiest birch-bark cornucopias. These had been filled with tiny frosted cakes and delicious candy animals,



made by that nice little mouse, Mrs. Poppetty-Poppett. Since her son, Nibbles, had made a fortune, Mrs. Poppetty-Poppett no longer had to work; but at Christmas-time she loved to make cakes and candies for the little people of the woods, who thought no sweets so good as hers.

Such wonderful wee chocolate foxes, and

squirrels, and beavers, and rabbits, and mice as there were, with pink eyes and long, curly tails.

When Bobtail and Rosamund filled the cornucopias they longed to try a tiny bit of everything, but they did not take even a nibble, and only ate up the crumbs, and lapped the sugar off their paws when they had finished.

The tree was pretty high for such little people, but Rosamund and Bobtail, standing on tiptoes or on a chair, tied the presents on the lower branches, while Ruddy, Chippy, and Frisky scampered about trimming the higher ones.

“Now, Frisky,” cried Bobtail, “here is the star for the very top of the tree.” And away ran Frisky, carrying the lovely gold star in his mouth to the tip-toppest point, where he tied it securely. Then on every branch they fastened



the red and the white bayberry candles, which kind Mrs. Bunnikins-Bunny had made for them, and piling the biggest presents around the foot of the tree, they stood back to admire their work.

“Oh, is n’t it too lovely!” cried Frisky.

“Think what it will look like when the candles are all lighted,” said Bobtail.

“I wonder if evening will *ever* come?” said Rosamund.





AT last evening came, the stars peeped out from the blue sky, and the guests began to arrive. It was lucky that Mr. Bunnikins-Bunny's house was a big one, or there never would have been room for so many people. There were the Gray-Squirrels, and the Bushy-Tails, the Tippity-Flippitts, and the Beavers, Dr. Possum, and old

Grandmother Chipmunk, and I don't know how many more.

Bobtail and Rosamund scurried about lighting the candles on the tree, helped by Ruddy and Frisky, and at last everything was ready, the doors were opened, and in came the guests. What "Ohs" and "Ahs" of admiration there were when they saw the wonderful tree. It sparkled and shimmered in a perfect flood of light, while the air was filled with the sweet perfume of the bayberry candles.

While every one was gazing at the tree, suddenly a little growl was heard, and who should push his way into the room but the Brownie Cub Baby in his pink pajamas, just as he had jumped out of bed. Dazzled by the bright light from the tree, and frightened by seeing so many people, he stood rubbing his paws in his eyes and half crying.

In a moment Bobtail and Rosamund had run across the room, and were petting and hugging him.

“How did you get here all alone, Little Pete?” asked Bobtail.

“I wanted to come to your party,” said Little Pete, “so I slipped out of the house, when everybody was asleep, and I ran here through the woods just as fast as I could. I did n’t know there



would be so many people, or I would have worn my party clothes.” And he looked down at his pink pajamas.

“Never mind your clothes,” laughed Rosamund, giving him a big cornucopia of candy and a toy drum, which made him the happiest of little bears.

After every one had been given a pretty present, the little people joined paws, and danced and pranced round and round the tree, singing,

“Hurrah ! for this Merry Christmas Day ;
Hurrah ! for our Christmas Tree ;
May every one have a glad New Year
And be as happy as we.”

Then they went in to supper. Mrs. Bunni-kins-Bunny had trimmed the table with holly and little red candles, and never were there seen so many good things to eat. There was every kind of cake, and pudding and pie, and sandwich,

and salad. Every one ate so much that no one, not even Bobtail, could eat another scrap, although Mr. Bunnikins went about urging his friends to try a little taste of this, or a wee bit more of that.

As they said "good-night," they all declared it was the loveliest party they had ever been to, and Bobtail invited them to come again next year.



“My! but I have had a jolly good time,” he said, throwing his arms around his mother’s neck. “Thank you and Father so much for my beautiful Christmas Tree, and my Merry, Merry Christmas.”







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